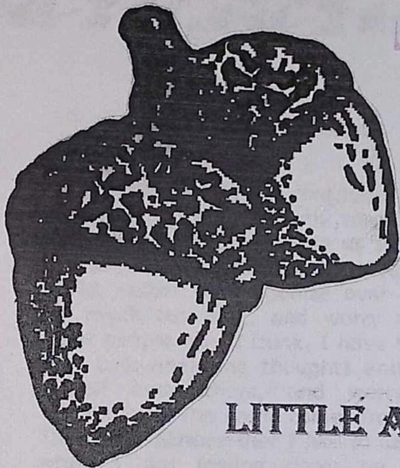
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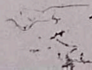
LITTLE ACORNS

ONE

a 24 hour zine thing by Maranda

$2 Canada and US
$3 International
or trade for your zine

SUMMER 2007

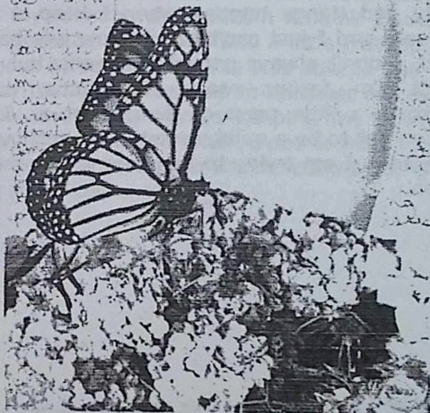


Little Acorns #1 is my contribution to the 24 Hour Zine Thing. This is my very first 24-hour zine, which I decided to do as an attempt to put something honest and sincere into the world, rather than agonize over every word for much too long, and worry about what other people would think. I have had enough with over-analyzing thoughts and actions of myself and others, and worrying about impressions. The name comes from a song by The White Stripes that I like to keep in mind when I am feeling down on myself. It encourages me to work my way out of a rut instead of wallowing in it.

Read on.



TWO



THREE

I'm working on changing my life again. I need more positive energy in my life. Only lately have I begun to speak up about my feelings, instead of hiding them away until I burst. Only bad things happen when I keep it to myself, and I just can't handle anymore bad. Still, I don't always get what I want, but at least I'm feeling more courageous, and learning a little more of human nature. I'm trying not to be a quiet, sweet, little pushover anymore. I am trying to be heard rather than seen.

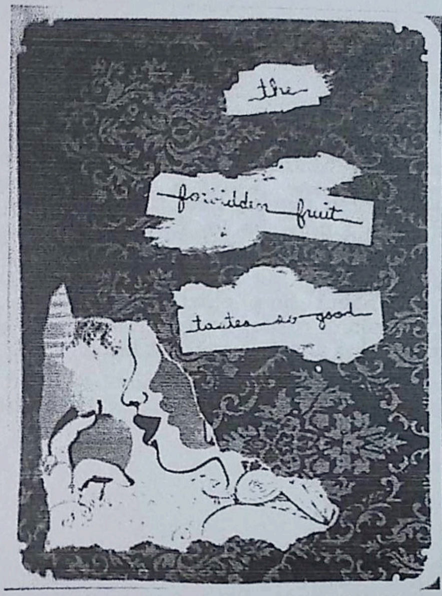
In an effort to become a less worrisome self, I have begun to let my cat outside by herself. The first time she got out was a mistake. She let herself out from the balcony, and had her own secret little adventures before showing u at my roommate's bedroom window meowing to be let in at 5 AM. I was a little freaked out about it, but pleased she was able to find her way home, and decided to take her out every now and then, always keeping my eyes on her. Soon enough, she ripped a hole in our screen door, and now Amélie comes and goes as she pleases.

My life changes every single day. I find it nearly impossible to make decisions, and often change my mind thirteen times in three minutes about little things and big things and all things in between.

Lately, I've been thinking about moving again, which is of course a very difficult decision to make, and I'm not sure if I can afford to anyway. I've already moved a few times this year. My living arrangements always go sour, and I can't find a place to call home. Right now, I am renting a room in an apartment with two girls and a guy: Chelsea, an awesome person I met in the springtime, Clare, a smartie with lots of travel stories, and her boyfriend, Terrence, who is very quiet. Plus two ferrets and my cat. I like this place, but I feel uncomfortable most times because of my anxiety and antisocial tendencies – I find it difficult just to go to the kitchen and get a snack if I know someone else is going to be in the room. And that really irks me because I like my roommates, and don't want them to think otherwise, but I feel like I would rather live by myself. Then I worry that living on my own will be too lonely. But I have tried living with many different people – a boyfriend, an old lady, a male friend, female friends – and none of them have made me happy enough, so maybe it is time to try being on my own.



EIGHT



NINE

I have resisted moving back to Lindsay, the small town I grew up in, for fear it would mean I was a failure. At one point, maybe I would have been, but now I think I am only worrying about how others perceive me, which shouldn't matter anyway. Maybe cities are for visiting and towns are for living.

A couple weeks ago, strolling through a nearby park at dusk, I noticed a strange creature in the distance, which suddenly became a bat flying at my face. I screamed and ducked and shielded my head as best I could with the grocery bags I was carrying. It swooped up to the tree I was walking under, then came flying at me again from behind, still making screechy bat noises. I ducked again and quickened my pace. I was shaking all the way home, and when I got there, I told Clare about it. She told me a bit about bats,

then suggested I do some research lest I let bats become a fear of mine. Right away, I went to my computer and set out to learn about these rats with wings. It didn't take long to find just what I was looking for: this particular bat, *Eptesicus fuscus*, or "big brown bat," is often found in suburban agricultural areas, and have colonies that live behind loose bark, and in small cavities of pine, oak, and other trees. They eat small beetles and night-flying insects. After reading this information, I understood that the bat was not really flying *at* me, but catching the bugs around me, and that humans aren't prey for bats anyway. But I still no longer walk under that tree at night.

Last December, I bough a daphne blue Fender acoustic, and named her Bettie Blue Eyes. I began teaching myself to play, but stopped caring after awhile, and didn't touch my guitar for months, except to move it from one place to the next and the next. Then this summer, Chelsea invited me to bring my guitar down to the river with her so we could play together. It was almost like learning again from scratch, but I picked up on it quicker than the first time. This instrument isn't something my heart is set on learning well, but trying my hand at it has made me respect guitarists and other musicians a little more. Even if they are a dime a dozen.



FOURTEEN

FIFTEEN

Butterflies in my tummy is one of my favourite feelings in the world. On rare occasions, I even meet someone who makes me feel weak in the knees. Other feelings I like: the moment I realize I am no longer sober; saying something I thought I didn't have the courage to say; eating fresh fruits; the medical scent of tattoo shops and the sensation of needles and new ink in my flesh; satisfaction as I highlight an important line in a book.

The thought of beginning a new relationship terrifies me. I want to be in love again, and share all my good and bad with someone special, but I'm scared to death of having my heart broken again, fearful that I won't be able to handle it. I'm not sure why, but it seems that when I meet guys, it is the ones I don't like so much who like me, and I always like the ones who I can't have, for one reason or another. Even though it happens everyday all over the world, it must be rare for two people to feel the same about one another. Well, we only find love when we're not looking for it.



EIGHTEEN

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

NINETEEN



TWENTY

CONTACT

Maranda Farthing
[redacted]

[redacted]l.com
[redacted]al.com

